# THE MEDICAL MISSIONARY

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## ACROSS THE PAGES . . .

**NEW MEXICO** is the special feature this month. It is now nearly two years since we began our first home mission in Santa Fe, and nearly one year since the opening of our school of nurse-midwifery, the Santa Fe Catholic Maternity Institute.

**IN "SOCIAL PATTERNS IN ADOBE"** Elizabeth Willis De Huff shows how the Faith forms the basis for the entire social life of the Spanish-American people. Mrs. De Huff has lived many years in New Mexico and has made a special study of the culture of its people. She has written extensively on this subject in books and periodicals.

**OUR LADY OF HEALTH**—reproduced on our front cover—is a favorite madonna in New Mexico. Miss Elizabeth W. Loughran, who tells the story of her statue, has traveled widely in Mexico and Spanish American countries. She is especially interested in Latin American history and culture.

**THE NATIVE NEW MEXICAN DIET** represents a fascinating combination of foods from three nations—Spanish, Indian and Mexican. Fabiola Cabeza de Baca Gilbert, herself a New Mexican, writes on the dietary pattern of her own people.

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can help the Medical Mission Sisters bring health and healing to the sick and suffering of mission lands. The following approved form of bequest may be used:

*"I hereby give (devise) and bequeath to the Society of Catholic Medical Missionaries (also known as the Medical Mission Sisters), an institution incorporated under the laws of the State of Maryland, and its successors forever the sum of $..... for its general purposes."*


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**The Society of Catholic Medical Missionaries is a religious community of women founded in 1925 for the purpose of providing medical care to the sick in the foreign missions.**

**The Motherhouse and Novitiate are located in Fox Chase, Philadelphia, Pa. There is also a House of Studies in Brookland, Washington, D.C., and Houses of Postulate in England and Holland.**

**The main activities of the Society include the conducting of hospitals, dispensaries, maternity and child welfare centers, training schools for native nurses and midwives, and similar health works.**

**Medical Mission Centers conducted by the Society in India and the United States are:**

**Holy Family Hospital, Rawalpindi, India**
**Holy Family Hospital, Patna, India**
**Mitford Muncipal Hospital, Dacca, Bengal, India**
**The Santa Fe Catholic Maternity Inst., Santa Fe, N.M.**
**The Catholic Colored Clinic, Atlanta, Georgia.**

**It is the purpose of the Society to send Medical Missionaries to any mission field of the world. The Society has many requests; it needs many vocations.**

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# More Than Bread and Potatoes

Seven centuries ago in the Umbrian Valley of Middle Italy there lived a young man named Francis, so called, the story goes, on account of his fondness for the French poetry of the troubadours. Buoyant, imaginative, creative, impulsive, he was a gay youth as he sang his troubadour songs and laughed and swaggered, a sort of romantic ringleader among the young men of Assisi.

Life was pleasant for Francis. There were plenty of lire with which to wine and dine his friends, a rich substantial merchant father to pay his debts, and a sympathetic mother who was invariably moved to wonder and exultation by the charming escapades of her son.

And then, in the midst of all the gaiety and frivolity there came one of those medieval wars that were always being waged between the city states of the day. This time Assisi was at odds with Perugia, and together with all the loyal townsmen the young troubadour too answered the toscin that called the citizens to arms.

For the small company from Assisi the skirmish ended in disaster—and they were taken prisoner. It was thus, during a long sojourn in prison, over a year the biographies say, that Francis first felt the serious sickness that was to visit him so many times in his career.

**"The work of the missions is to make the whole world a Holy Land, to establish the Kingdom of God in all souls, that He may be known even in the humblest dwelling on the earth."**

**—Pope Pius XII**

Sickness inevitably leaves its effect, not only on the bodies of men but on their souls as well. In the case of the young man of Assisi the enforced silence and quietude of the illness brought the dawn of a vision. Really the vision was much akin to the romantic dreams he had always had—of love and beauty and chivalry—and doing great things. It was akin, yes, but with this difference. It possessed reality. It was the vision of a new love—God and all things in God.

Francis saw that everything in the universe came from God. Every human being, every flower and leaf and tree, the birds, the stars, the sun and moon, pleasure and even pain, belonged to God and forever remained His possession. And thus it was that the vision made of the human troubadour, Francis, a new troubadour, a lover of God and really and truly a lover of men.

So on fire with his vision was Francis that he had to make songs about it. Once he had talked fancifully of writing French poems. Now he did make poems. Rather he began to love a poem of perfect love, in which he took literally God's invitation—"Go, give everything to the poor—and come follow me."

Fire must spread, and the fire that burned in Francis' heart was bound to light in others. There were his first companions, twelve like the Apostles. The number grew, and again like the Apostles, these brothers of Francis were soon preaching in many lands, carrying the word of God to the ends of the earth. By the middle of the fourteenth century there was not a kingdom, tongue or nation then known where the Friars Minor were not established to preach the Gospel. Everywhere they had shed their blood for the Faith, from Morocco to India. When the Spanish conquistadores came to the New World, intent on finding fortune and adventure, the Friars accompanied them that they might spread the Kingdom of Christ. Their mission spirit is perpetuated today in our own Southwest by the Catholic names they have given to cities and towns, rivers and mountains and lakes—San Francisco, Santa Clara, Santa Fe. Everywhere the Friars went—to lift up the hearts of men to God and move them to spiritual gladness.

The spirit of St. Francis challenges us today. Our country, we might say, resembles a sort of gigantic soup kitchen. We are very busy giving—vitamin pills, K-rations, dehydrated milk—even insect

powders destined to delouse the world. And of course the vitamins and milk and all the rest have their place. Goodness knows, they are needed, with more than half the world hungry, even starving. And if the Saint of Assisi were suddenly to fly out of heaven we can be certain that he too would be dashing off to some part of the earth where people are hungry, much as he dashed after the beggar with the handful of his father's ducats.

But we know too that Francis, who desired above all to lift up the hearts of men to God and move them to spiritual joy, would give more. He would give love, the love that comes from God and leads back to him. He would feed the souls of men as well as their bodies.

Mission Sunday comes each year to remind every Catholic of what is in him—the Faith, something to share, to spread. Oh, we are willing enough to hand out bread and potatoes, and even a lick of jam for good measure. These things we see; an empty stomach or a full one, that we feel.

But what of the things of the spirit—our Faith, the tremendous yearning of Christ—"Thy Kingdom come"?

The alms we give to the missions, the prayers we say, will show how real is our Catholicism, our love for God and men—real like that of St. Francis.

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# Social Patterns in Adobe

*by*

ELIZABETH WILLIS DE HUFF

It was late twilight when three little Mexican girls came racing around the Boys' Club beside the tiny rio de Santa Fe. In surprise at seeing me on the front walk, one of them stopped. I pointed to the crescented new moon.

"Look," I exclaimed, "isn't the new moon lovely? That bright star at its tip is called Venus."

With her slender body tense in a desire to feel important, she answered quickly, "Very soon that star will be over Bethlehem. My papa is in Bethlehem. He write it to us in a letter."

Before I could answer she had chased away to catch up with her little chums.

I had just been telling stories to a group of small Mexican boys in their club and encouraging them to tell their own folktales, in which the magical fairy is always the Blessed Virgin.

And so it is with the native New Mexicans: their thoughts and their lives are closely woven into the fabric of their own interpretation of the teachings of the Church. It is a peasant life of simplicity and emotionalism, forming a social design which follows the pattern of religious observances; for in no other part of the United States was an European peasant culture transplanted to the new soil in such completeness as in the Spanish life along the Rio Grande system. They cherish the slightest excuse for a celebration; they love **las fiestas.** Since the Church blesses the high-lights of human existence—birth, puberty with its confirmation, marriage and death—for these her children, they celebrate these occasions with their most important family feasts and gatherings. And debts pile up and follow a Mexican couple from the lavish feast following the christening of their first-born to the funeral banquet for each wake in the long list of deaths.

"And what will you name the baby?" I asked upon being invited to attend my first christening.

"I like it for you to name the baby," replied my hostess graciously.

"Oh," I exclaimed in embarrassed confusion, for I had not yet learned that exquisite Spanish politeness, which offers a visitor the house and everything one admires with "It is yours, Senora!" but which one does not accept unless he can repay in kind or value. And so on this occasion, instead of declining her offer, I added;

"I love the name Valentino. Please call him Valentino."

A sudden uninterpretable look came to the face of the young mother. I recalled that the calendar was far from St. Valentine's day; but before I could retract, the lovely brunette face before me smiled and she replied:

**"Si, si,** that is a nice name; we will name him Valentino."

And later at the font I heard Father Ambrosius stumble through a lilting poem of seven names, in the midst of which was "Valentino."

Not only the hero or heroine of each of these family dramas is decked in finery, but each member of the family has a brand new

complete outfit as costly as can be managed. And the banquet is a feast, which lasts for hours when each guest is seated in turn at a long table and served dishes tasting as spicy and delicious to the tongue as the delight of their sonorous names—**albondigas, sopapillas, enchiladas, empanadas, natillla y otras y otras!**

The wedding, of course, is the most elaborate of all celebrations. Seven a.m. was the favorite hour, but now-a-days the priest can usually persuade the couple to set the time at nine o'clock.

My first wedding was in a little village between Santa Fe and Taos. Two musicians, fiddler and guitarist playing lively jig tunes, led the procession to and from the mission. The bride's veil and short white satin train blew back sail-like in the wind. Her white slippers were soon dust stained and awkwardly, but proudly, she carried before her a bunch of a florist's asparagus ferns, to each branch of which a crisp new dollar bill was pinched in the center and tied with narrow white ribbon to form the flowers. Behind the bride and groom the rest of us formed a two-by-two parade. All day and on into the late night, we danced and feasted. The dances were spirited and jumpy, often punctuated with little kicks, as in La Varsoviana, which is very like the old English dance of "Put your foot down." In the thin mountain air, our breaths panted and our hearts beat rapidly as we bounced and turned and kicked in La Varsoviana, la polka, la raspa, la quadrille and a quick waltz. Many of the guests still go and come in ranch wagons filled with kitchen chairs, or used in "straw-ride" fashion.

Funeral wakes may last for three days and nights. Men and women sit separately; the men in black ties and the women's black shirtwaists and long black skirts partly covered by a long-fringed black shawl, the rebozo. The shawls cover heads and are grasped under chins to form a hood. Startle-eyed children cling to their mothers, scarcely able to take away their gaze from the open casket and burning candles. Tissue paper flowers and the customary lavish serving of food lend a fiesta feeling even to the scene of death. There is no talking, even babies seem afraid to cry; but frequently the silence is broken by a sudden burst of dolorous song or the chanting of parts of the litany. In no other place have I felt kindlier sympathy or courage to face this ultimate fact of life.

*San José*
(in Spanish-American art)

When I touched hands with Senora Apodaca, left by sudden death with seven children, and again with Senora Ortiz, who was burying the companion of nearly forty years, I heard the same:

"Thank you, Senora, but it is God's will! We must accept what God wills." And Mrs. Apodeca added, "The Holy Mother will help me with my children."

There is a favorite saint in each household. Its image is a vital, active member of the family, to be rewarded or to be punished by having its face turned to the niche's wall if the thing prayed for has not been granted at the end of the novena. Santo Nino de Atoche, considered the especial protector of children and of sickness, and San Antonio, as patron of sheep and shepherds, are most frequently found. The image of the Christ Child is often profusely decorated with gold or silver emblems in the shape of arms, legs, gall bladders or other organs of the human anatomy, which Santo Nino de Atoche has cured.

Each village, as well as each household, has its patron saint and on the eve of the saint's day, the image is carried in procession along a pathway bordered by crackling, smoking pinyon and juniper bonfires, wafting an incense of fragrance. There is a moving fervor in the untutored voices chanting:

Santa Maria, Madre de Dios
Rega por nosotros
Los pecadores ahora
Y en la hora de nuestra muerte
Amen.

Holy Mary, Mother of God
Pray for us
Sinners now
And at the time of our death
Amen.

This procession will always follow vespers; but if for some reason if must follow a celebration of the Mass and take place in daylight hours, the course is bordered by rows of evergreens stuck into the hard adobe earth.

San Isidro, patron of farmers, belongs particularly to New Mexico. Natives claim that he was born and lived in Santa Fe, so each spring his image, standing always beside an angel driving oxen to a plow, is carried over the fields to bless them for planting.

These are simple images for a simple, close-to-the-soil people—carved of pine by native sculptors, gesoed, stained with vegetable dies and varnished. Art may not be there, but they are ennobled by the spirit of true devotion and unquestioning faith.

Then, with equal emotional fervor, the day after, or the hours

after, a procession is given over to gala festivities. They love **las fiestas.**

The most spectacular fiesta has been celebrated for nearly two hundred and seventy-five years in Santa Fe. In the eighteenth century, the Spanish Governor-General issued a proclamation to his people in Nuevo Mejico that each year a fiesta must be given to commemorate the retaking of the territory from the Pueblo Indians by DeVargas and the return of Christianity to the land and its savages. And so each September Santa Fe gives itself over to concerted abandon in two or three days of worship and gaiety, the high-light of which is a candle-light procession winding its way up a steep hill to the "Cross of the Martyrs"—a large simple cross topping a nob-like mountain at the edge of the city, always silhouetted against the heavens—a tribute to the twenty-three stalwart Franciscan priests who were toiling among the Pueblo Indians at the time of their rebellion against Spanish rule in 1680 and who were massacred by these Indians.

As this cross casts a symbolic shadow of protection over the little city of the Holy Faith, so do the arms of the cathedral enfold the entire social life of the native people of New Mexico.

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# Our Lady of Health

*by*

ELIZABETH W. LOUGHRAN

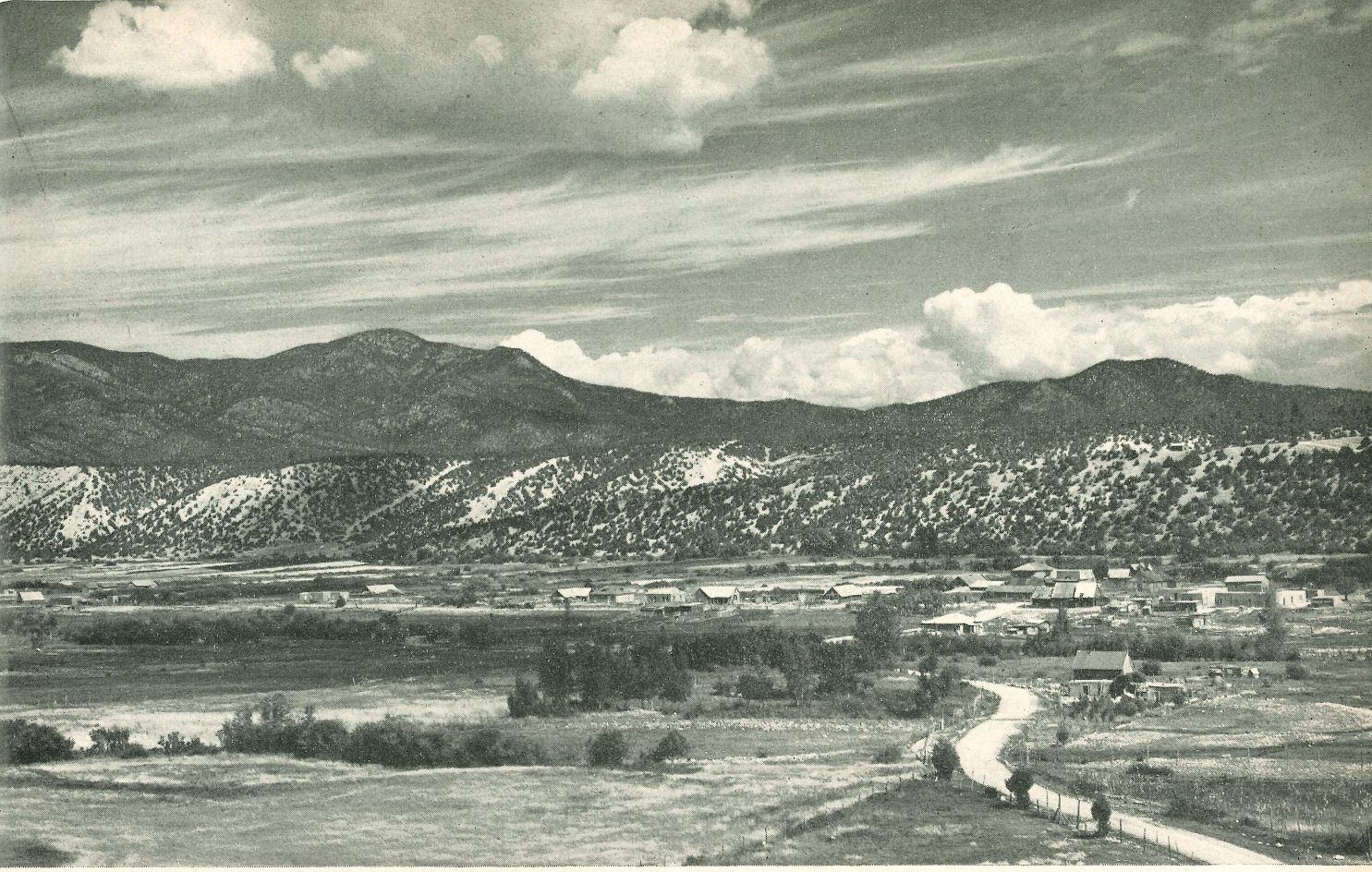
*The Virgin Mary, under the title, Our Lady of Health, has been venerated by the Spanish-American people for centuries. This is the story of her statue, which is reproduced on this month's cover.*

The popularity in New Mexico of a certain madonna, especially among the pottery makers, aroused our curiosity and to our great joy, we found that she was Our Lady of Health—certainly the patroness, one would say, of medical missionaries. Our Lady of Health is of Mexican origin, Nuestra Señora de la Salúd they call her. She wears the high crown, embroidered robe and richly jeweled cope one sees so often on statues of the Blessed Virgin in Europe and Latin America. Her original shrine was erected in Patzcuaro, west of Mexico City, by the great and learned colonizing bishop, Don Vasco de Quiroga, in 1540. And thereby hangs a tale, a tale that is evidence that the missionary technique of the Church has been in all ages fundamentally the same: to convert pagans into Christians by a twofold process: instructing them in the dogmas of the Faith and incorporating them at the same time into the kind of society Christ Himself established upon earth by example and precept.

Surrounded by hordes of primitive peoples, Don Vasco de Quiroga saw, as every missionary has always seen, that from the pagan environment spring the thorns which choke the good seed so that it yields no fruit. Therefore, when he was named bishop of the new see of Michoacan, he set about creating a Christian society by establishing a cooperative association of one hundred towns. He fashioned each town upon a special, individual economic pattern, a monopoly of a needed product or a necessary service, such as the making of earthenware or brooms or a musical instrument, the raising of cattle or sheep or pigs, the catching of a specified kind of fish, the planting of some assigned food in addition to corn, which every community planted. Large central towns became trading marts, and Patzcuaro was also, for a few years, the see city.

In the one hundred towns of this first American cooperative society Indians who spoke one or another of six distinct and different languages and whose character varied all the way from the mildness of the Tarascans to the fierceness of the Chichimecas lived in peace and mutual helpfulness and enjoyed a practical, self-sufficient economy which endured for at least three hundred years and was broken down only by the arrival of foreign capital seeking investment, during the second half of the last century.

Such a society would need, according to the way of thinking of modern social authorities, some form of "health unit", for there was much that these Indians must learn of sanitation and personal cleanliness. Don Vasco de Quirogo had already established two hospitals, one in Mexico City and one in Michoacan, before his nomination as bishop, when he was yet a layman and serving as a member of the Audiencia—that is a judge of the supreme court and advisor to the viceroy. In these hospital towns he had set up a sort of Utopia, a City of God, where the temporal and the spiritual went hand in hand and the sick, the aged, the poor were cared for and supported by the well and the strong, and all learned to live in harmony and to love God, their Maker and Redeemer.



—Three Lions Photos

*NEW MEXICO PANORAMA—The Sangre de Cristo Mountains form a towering background in the Moreno Valley of Northern New Mexico. Tucked away are tiny Spanish-American villages where customs have changed but little since the coming of the first settlers in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.*

The hospital towns, however, were compact—today we would call them mission compounds—and each had one or two resident friars in whom rested not only spiritual authority but the civil authority of the municipality as well. The units of the cooperative society on the other hand, were spread over considerable territory and for only a few of them could friars be obtained. Thus the problem of health and sanitation was harder to solve.

Bishop Quiroga put his problem at the feet of Mary and the inspiration came to him to make of every act of cleanliness an act of spiritual striving, to convert every good habit acquired into the gift of a loving son or daughter to a devoted and ever-interested Mother. Out of this inspiration and his own life-long custom of praying to the Blessed Virgin under her title of **Salus Infirmorum,** came this cult of Our Lady of Health. Indian converts carved her statue out of one of the beautiful trees on the shore of Lake Patzcuaro.

Years passed; the original statue was replaced by what seemed at the time a better one. Each generation elaborated and enriched the vestments; the shrine was transferred from the little Indian chapel first to the church of a community of nuns who would attend the shrine and foster the devotion, later to the principal church in Patzcuaro. Our Lady of Health was made patroness of the Archdiocese of Michoacan, now Morelia, and was taken as such by Indians from Patzcuaro to the border and into our own Southwest.

When the City of Patzcuaro was planning a wedding gift for Alfonso XIII, in 1906, it was of their Patroness that they thought, her image wrought on a gold medal that they sent. When Alfonso and his young bride escaped the horror of death from an anarchist's bomb hurled at the wedding coach, it was to Our Lady of Health of Patzcuaro that he gave public thanks.

In Patzcuaro today an Order of Knights and Ladies of Our Lady of Health does honor to her shrine. In New Mexico, too, she has her knights and ladies, and some of these have welcomed to Santa Fe the Catholic Medical Missionaries and see, we hope, in their maternity center an extension of the work of Christ, Whose name, perhaps, some ancestor of theirs first heard pronounced by that great figure of all colonial and missionary history: Don Vasco de Quiroga.

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# Native New Mexican Diets

*by*

Fabiola Cabeza de Baca Gilbert

New Mexico is a land of changes. Its blue skies of morning may be its red skies of evening. There have been changes in its people, in its customs and culture and naturally in its food habits.

When the Spanish conquistadores reached New Mexico, the food which the aborigines shared with them must have tasted like ambrosia. After their long journeys, with hardly enough to keep body and soul together, Indian dishes must have been appetizing.

The nomads or warring tribes were living on wild game, buffalo, deer, antelope, and other meat. The village or pueblo Indians had gardens with squash, corn, chili, melons, and foods foreign to the newcomers.

The Spaniard came to the new world with the idea of colonizing and more so to gain souls for the Mother Church. In order to do that there had to be understanding. There had to be that quality of comradeship which it takes to win over a people. Real comradeship is achieved only by sharing the best in one's life with that of others and the Indian and the Spaniard learned that lesson very quickly.

Soon the Spaniard brought cattle, sheep, and goats to the new world; and the foods in the diet of the New Mexican became more varied. As the Spanish colonizers came to New Mexico, they also brought with them a knowledge of Spanish cookery along with a few Mexican recipes that struck their fancy as they came up north. Upon their arrival in New Mexico, they had to adapt themselves to the food of the aborigines. The Indian learned the use of milk; the Spaniard of corn meal. Corn meal mush and corn meal gruel with boiled milk became as much a part of the people as their religion and fiestas.

A dietary pattern was thus instituted by colonial people and continued through several centuries. With the American occupation, there again came a change in food habits. The typical New Mexican dishes then are a combination of Indian, Spanish, Mexican, and American influences.

While meat, milk, and cheese played a great part in the New Mexican diets, these have alarmingly disappeared from many tables. This change is due not to a loss in popularity of these foods but to the loss of grazing lands and a decrease in acreage for farming land.

Beans have been long associated

—Three Lions

**Strings of crimson chili contrast with earthen-colored adobe walls to lend a brilliant splash of color to New Mexico's countryside in the fall.**

with the New Mexicans and perhaps overestimated as being a typical food of this region. In the 1800's beans were found on the tables of the "ricos"—the poor could not afford them. In the early 20th century, the brown bean grown in high altitudes was crossed with a white bean, producing the now well-known "pinto," which plays a great part today in the diet of both rich and poor alike.

Chili has been an important food both because of its adaptability to the New Mexico climate and its pleasing seasoning flavor.

Today beans and chili have had their debut. Experiments have shown that they are rich sources of necessary food elements. Twenty years ago, and even later, doctors of medicine forbade beans and chili in patients' diets for several diseases attributing many of the maladies to these two foods. Today, the modern practitioner advises mothers to feed babies bean puree. The good food habits of our native New Mexicans have been underestimated and more often criticized, thus making us ashamed of what we eat. With new knowledge of nutrition we are appreciating our native foods.

Before the great era of canning fruits and vegetables, men, women, and children were out in the fields in early spring gathering quelites (lambs' quarters), chimaja (wild celery), or verdolagas (purslane) to eat fresh and to dry for winter use. No spinach or other greens can equal the flavor of wild greens. These may be served with pounded dried meat, with beans, or chili.

There is nothing so delicious to us as kid's meat when properly prepared. The blood cooked with garlic, onion and other seasonings, the cleaned intestines added to it, the stomach stuffed with this mixture and steamed, is both nutritious and palatable. The spinal cord cooked with green beans, small squashes, ears of corn, onion, and garlic tops with coriander leaves was always a good summer dish.

Milk and its many products have been on New Mexican tables from colonial times to the present day. If they have disappeared in some homes, it is because of lack of pastures for flocks and herds. Junket made with rennet and cheese made from the junket by removing the whey were and are seasonal dishes on New Mexican tables. Dried and fresh cheeses are used for many dishes. It would take several pages to write the recipes. Bread pudding with cheese and raisins is a dish never omitted for weddings and other feasts. It is also a lenten dish. And speaking of lenten dishes, no meal is complete without panocha, a gruel made from sprouted wheat flour.

The corn dishes are varied. Both the blue and white corn are used. The corn is always roasted before it is ground into meal. Corn meal mush served with milk is a common breakfast dish. Corn meal gruel is fed to sick people, to expectant mothers, and to the aged. It is considered nutritious and easy to digest. It may be served plain or with boiled milk and is very satisfying.

We have learned in recent years that the organs of the animals used for food are rich sources of minerals and vitamins. Our grandparents did not know this, but we have always utilized every part of the animal except the hide, hoofs, and horns. We like tripe, liver, heart, kidneys, pancreas—in fact, all the glands, the intestines, head, and even the blood.

We have superstitions, of course. What people does not have them?

A mother who has had a baby must not eat the flesh of beef or swine—she is fed mutton or poultry. The flesh must be from the male animal. Why? Quien sabe!

If a mother wishes something to eat while carrying a baby and does not get it, she marks the child. Either the child goes through life craving for that food, or he is born with a birth mark representing it. In a gathering where there is food and a pregnant mother appears, everyone sees to it that she is served first. We have food combinations which should not be eaten together, but they are no different from many others people have, as the one of not eating milk and fish at the same meal.

As I said before, we have seasonal foods, especially during Lent. Dried squash prepared with cheese (from goat's milk), cracked steamed dried green corn with a little red chili, dried shrimp or salmon fritters, red chili fritters, dried peas or garbanzo cooked and seasoned, dried greens with bean and chili seasonings, are some of the dishes for meatless days.

In winter we eat cured pork. Our process is to make a seasoned chili sauce, put the meat in it, and let it stand twelve to fourteen hours. After it is drained we may put it to dry or just cook it fresh. We eat "posole" made from lime hominy with pork and the pork rinds cut in pieces. In summer we eat custards and puddings besides cheese and junket. We like our vegetables, too, particularly corn, green beans and squash.

At Thanksgiving and Christmas we make "empanaditas" (fried turnovers) filled with mince meat (real meat). We eat "bunelos" (fried "tortillas") and have tamales and roast pork instead of turkey.

We are a great bread-eating people. We like tortillas made from whole wheat flour, but do not eat as many of them as people seem to think. Bakery bread we do not like but eat it as a convenience.

Enchiladas are not typical of New Mexico; they are an importation but we rather like them.

We, the children of Coronado, have adopted foods from three nations and we like them all. It cannot be said that we have a specific dietary pattern. We can call it an amalgamation of Spanish, Indian, Mexican and American foods—which today would be unrecognizable to our forebearers.

In this land of changes we have learned to eat all the current foods; but our beans, chili and tortillas are as much a part of our lives as our mountains, plains, and arroyos.

## MISSION INTENTIONS

for October and November—Christian kindness to converts from Mohammedanism Missionary works among educated Mohammedans.

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*America will sell more radios and cars and helicopters tomorrow. Americans will help to break down the last bastions of disease and ignorance and destitution in the world—an ideal truly humanitarian. But to Catholic America belongs especially the vision of the widening of the new humanity. For that purpose we must widen the horizon of our Catholic thinking and planning.*

*We have outgrown, as a Church, our swaddling clothes. We are strong and vigorous. The Holy Father and the missionaries rightly look to strong American Catholicism to take up the ever glorious work of pushing back the frontiers of the Faith. People from forty Old World lands came here to make of many nationalities one nation, the United States. In their vanguard came the missionaries. Happy is the thought that now we, in the providence of God, are to take our place among the great missionary countries. Forty-eight states embark on a glorious adventure: to reinforce the building of a United Humanity!—Edward L. Murphy, S.J.*

# Resumé At Graduation Time

*by*

Sister M. Theophane, S.C.M.M.

We are one year along our way in Santa Fe and we want to share our joy with our friends as well as give a bird's eye view of our work here.

Although the Catholic Maternity Institute was officially opened on August 15, 1944, the work of the Institute began eight months before in a very simple fashion. Sister M. Helen and I came to Santa Fe and took charge of the Catholic Clinic which had been operating for four years. A prenatal service was offered there but no work had been done for some time to develop interest or attendance at it. With a view to the future, we immediately began to lay stress on that particular clinic. We urged mothers to come regularly, found out what type of service they had planned for delivery, and very soon, under pressure of the attending obstetrician, we promised patients that we ourselves would go to their homes and take care of them. From that time on registrations began to increase.

In the middle of January, 1944 we began our delivery service and from that time until August combined it with the general program of the Catholic Clinic. There were only two of us and very often after being out during the night we were obliged to be in attendance at the clinics and make home visits during the day. It was a busy time and there were many ideas to develop.

In August we moved into a separate building and arranged special clinic quarters for our maternity patients. About that time two more sisters, Sister M. Stephen and Sister M. Gemma, arrived to take over the general program of the Catholic Clinic. Sister M. Michael, a third nurse-midwife, also came to swell our faculty.

In October we started conducting regular classes for our prospective mothers. The entire series consists of six two-hour sessions and those who have perfect attendance are given a certificate. Up to now thirty-two mothers have received this certificate.

From the very beginning our goal was not only to provide complete maternity care to the mothers but also to establish a school in connection with this service for training nurses in midwifery. That influenced all our plans and ideas, from choosing a name for the Institute to placing furniture in the building. The curriculum was entirely worked out; every detail of training that the students would receive was down on paper. In December of 1944 the Catholic University of America sent its representative to evaluate the program for affiliation. The certificate of affiliation was actually received during February, the month our first class was admitted.

**Sisters and graduates, Catholic Maternity Institute, Santa Fe. From left to right are: Sister M. Michael, Miss Tiffany, Sister M. Theophane, Miss Doering, and Sister M. Helen.**

The first two students spent six months with us, attending classes, assisting at clinics, making home visits, and doing deliveries, all under close supervision. On August 5th these nurses were given their certificates during a simple ceremony held at the Institute.

The first class has graduated. That is a real milestone and we are all happy to reach it. The school curriculum is so arranged that we may admit three groups of students a year, in February, June and October.

What has been accomplished with God's help has been more than we could ever have anticipated. During the first year there have been 200 deliveries. Forty-nine mothers are registered to be delivered within the coming months. A maternity service has been set up to serve an area of nearly 3,000 square miles, including fifteen outlying villages and a clinic has been equipped with every necessary device for giving obstetric care.

Naturally, we cannot speak of the development of the work of the Institute without giving special thanks to His Excellency, Archbishop Edwin V. Byrne of Santa Fe, the members of the State Department of New Mexico and to the Children's Bureau of Washington, D. C., who have given very much help and encouragement. Without this and the generous cooperation of many friends of the Society in Santa Fe and elsewhere, the work could not have progressed so far.

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# Book Review

**TROPICAL NURSING, by A. L. Gregg, New York: Philosophical Library.**

"Tropical Nursing" by A. L. Gregg is meant to be a handbook primarily for nurses who are going to the tropics, though there is the added phrase "and others going abroad".

The book is divided into five sections. Section I is a brief summary of the high spots in personal hygiene necessary for healthful living in a tropical country. Practical suggestions concerning clothing, the style and materials to be chosen are given as well as useful advice regarding food and drink. For example, "Whenever ice is used, it should be put **around** not **in** the beverage: goodness only knows from what water the ice may have been made!" The importance of regular exercise, a short daily rest and the value of a daily routine are stressed.

Section II, on diseases, is the largest section and accounts for one-hundred and forty-one out of a total of one-hundred and eighty-five pages. Arranged in alphabetical form are some forty-six diseases and conditions particularly to be met with in the tropics. The author has discussed them under the general headings—Cause, Clinical Conditions or Symptoms, Clinical Course, Diagnosis, Treatment (Medical and Nursing) Complications, Pathology, Distribution and Transmission. Not all the diseases have been considered under each aspect but the outline has been flexibly used to fit the disease under discussion.

Malaria, as the most common disease of the tropics, has been given a fuller description than the rest. There has been included a list of the various forms of quinine available together with detailed instructions as to the best methods of administration. In discussing prevention of malaria, even the method of counting the "mesh" of mosquito netting is described.

Throughout the entire section references to following or preceding comments on the same point are made and form a helpful guide to the reader.

The idea of the author in the method of presentation seems to be to give the nurse not only categorical "do's and don'ts" but to supply her with the necessary information required to act intelligently and not mechanically. Furthermore, appreciating the fact that in tropical countries the doctor is not always immediately and constantly available, more information is given the nurse than she would otherwise need.

The third section on technique is brief, practical and includes not only several nursing procedures especially useful in tropical diseases but certain techniques which here at home are the care of the medical technician. The paragraphs on blood examination acquaint the nurse only very briefly with the composition of the blood and then furnish a list of the equipment necessary for obtaining the specimens for some of the blood tests. We might point out here that the normal redblood cell count of 5,000,000 which is given, although perfectly correct, yet because it makes no mention of any normal variation due to age, sex etc., leaves the average reader with the impression that any patient's red cell count which is not 5,000,000 is abnormal. A sentence briefly noting the normal variation would have been desirable. This section also included several pages devoted to hypnotics and analgesics. The commoner drugs with their dosage is listed.

Section IV is short and is a discussion of "Care of the Eyes" which require special care in sickness in tropical countries.

Section V is a glossary of the more unusual terms employed in the book and is quite complete. A table of the Weights and Measures useful to the nurse is included.

A good index is provided as well as a table of contents. Where it is necessary, figures are used to illustrate the text.

**I believe in getting into hot water. I think it keeps you clean.**

**—G. K. Chesterton**

# The Mission Clipper

**MOSLEMS IN AFRICA**

Africa is the most fruitful of the Church's mission countries. Conversions to Catholicism number 420,000 each year. Over one-half of all converts of the mission world are African.

However, for centuries Islamism has had, and still has, tremendous influence in the Dark Continent. There are 53,845,666 Moslem Africans, about half of whom are descendents of native tribes conquered by the Arabs.

In the opinion of Joseph Gabrieli of the University of Rome, Islamism is undergoing a crisis. Modernism is permeating Mohammedan minds and instilling a spirit of indifference. Many Moslems are questioning their belief. Perhaps the day is not far distant when the sons of the Prophet will turn to the true Faith.

**—The Cowl**

**GOLDEN JUBILEE**

July 12 of this year marked the golden jubilee of the Superior General, Reverend Mother Mary Elizabeth, and three other members of the Holy Family Community, the second oldest community of colored sisters in the United States. At the same time one member celebrated a diamond jubilee and seven others observed the twenty-fifth anniversary of religious profession.

The Holy Family Community has been established over one-hundred years. At present there are nearly 250 members at work in two archdioceses and four dioceses in this country and in a mission in British Honduras. The community directs four high schools, three junior high schools, twenty-seven elementary schools, two orphanages and a home for the aged.

All too few Catholics know of the splendid work done by this and other communities of colored sisters. We hope that the jubilee celebrations held recently in New Orleans will help to stir up interest in the minds of Catholics and inspire them to pray for an increase in vocations among colored girls.

**—The Colored Harvest**

**FRANCISCAN FIRSTS**

The honor of having discovered the territory of Arizona and of having first planted the cross there goes to a Franciscan Friar, Father Marco of Nice. In 1539, on foot and unarmed, he penetrated into the very heart of the American continent, more than a thousand miles from either ocean and the Gulf of Mexico. The Franciscan missions which Father Marco founded in the territory of Arizona extended the Church of Christ into the interior of our country long before Protestants appeared in either Virginia or Massachusetts.

**—The Cowl**

The first religious community for women in the New World was a convent of Sisters of the Franciscan Third Order Regular established in 1525 in Mexico City. These sisters devoted themselves to teaching Indian girls. The Poor Clares were brought over from Spain five years later by the wife of Cortez, and at once founded three convents, in Mexico City, Texcoco and Huexocingo.

Bishop Juan de Zumarraga, a Franciscan, brought the first printing press to Mexico in 1537 or 1538. From it flowed a constant stream of publications on Christian doctrine, morals, history, Spanish-Indian dictionaries, etc. Many of these are of utmost importance to students of history and ethnology today.

**CHINESE THERAPEUTICS**

The Chinese have always been therapeutists of note . . . Centuries ago they practiced immunization against smallpox by saturating a piece of wool containing smallpox pustules and inserting it into the nostrils of the patient.

**—R.N.**

## The Most Rev. Timothy J. Crowley, C.S.C., Bishop of Dacca, India

It was with deep regret that we learned of the death of His Excellency, the Most Rev. Timothy J. Crowley, C.S.C., Bishop of Dacca, India, on October second.

For many years Bishop Crowley was the guide and counsellor of the Medical Missionaries in the Dacca diocese. By them, especially, he will be always remembered as the friend of the sick and poor, a true father to the suffering members of his flock. Ever zealous to relieve those in pain and want, he seized every opportunity to assist them and enlisted the aid of various sisterhoods in carrying out his plans.

In 1930 Bishop Crowley invited our Society to come to Dacca to conduct maternity and child welfare centers there. Later he was influential in having our sisters take charge of the nursing and training school of the large government hospital in the city. As a result of his efforts and encouragement an Indian sisterhood was founded by the Holy Cross Sisters to teach and nurse in the villages of Bengal. His latest project for the development of medical missions was that of building a large Catholic hospital in Dacca.

With our sisters in Dacca, who feel keenly the loss of Bishop Crowley, we unite in grateful and prayerful remembrance for the repose of his soul.

**R. I. P.**

# News From Home and Abroad

## SANTA FE

**Fiesta**

It's fiesta time in Santa Fe and naturally the sisters have been taking turns viewing some of the celebrations. Sister Helen writes:

"Last night some of us went up on the hill back of our house to see the burning of Zozobra (Old Man Gloom). He stood about fifty feet high and we had an excellent view, even at a mile's distance. He moaned and groaned and waved his hands as the flames swept upward. There were cars parked for miles around, as everyone who can posibly make it comes to Santa Fe for the Fiesta.

"Tonight all the sisters except two have gone out to see the De Vargas pageant and the candlelight procession to the Cross of the Martyrs."

Visiting some of the historic mission sites is one of the pleasures of Santa Fe. Sister Theophane tells about some of the sightseeing she did this summer . . .

"Some weeks ago we spent a most delightful afternoon going around to the various old missions. First we visited the Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament at the Laguna Pueblo. The church which was built in 1699 is still in excellent condition. The most striking feature, however, is the very uneven floor of the sanctuary. It is actually like a wavy ocean surface. There could have been no intention at all in the mind of the builder to make it flat, because it is a foot higher in some places than in others.

"From Laguna we went to Acomita, about sixteen miles further and visited the fairly new adobe church there. It was built about three years ago and is simply magnificent. All the vegas are hand carved and have beautiful liturgical symbols from one end to the other.

"From Acomita we drove on to old Acoma, Willa Cather's famed 'City of the Sky.' It is just as she describes it—an elevated plateau which is edged with rock, very uneven and jagged and protruding about fifty feet or so above the plains. There is only an irregular narrow stairway by which to go to the top where about 700 people live. The church is very old and the story goes that the Indians carried aspin vegas all the way from Mount Taylor, about twenty miles away, for the beams.

"About a mile or so from Acoma is the Enchanted Mesa. It is much like Acoma, but is even, small and much higher. The sides are said to be three hundred feet high.

"All the while, as we were driving from place to place, I kept thinking of those indefatigable early missionaries. How their faith must have stiffened their wills to go forward and the grace of God inspired them with hope!"

## INDIA

**MARY GIRI**

From Mary Giri we have received details about the reception ceremony held on July 25th, when seven Indian novices received the religious habit as Medical Missionaries. His Excellency, the Most Rev. James J. Kalacherry conducted the ceremony, assisted by his Secretary and the Rev. Father Sebastian Pinakatt. The new novices—all of whom have completed their training at Holy Family Hospital, Rawalpindi—are: Sister M. Joseph, Sister M. Thomas, Sister M. Xavier, Sister M. Anna, Sister M. James, Sister M. Francis and Sister M. Theresa. Many priests and sisters, besides a large number of laity, friends and relatives of those received, were also present.

**The community in Malabar — Reception Day, July 26, 1945.**

**MURREE**

If you like your temperature varied, we advise a trip to India! Just for proof, this is what Sister M. Elise writes from Murree, a hill station in Kashmir where the sisters go for rest and holiday.

"You wouldn't believe it, but we are sitting here on the sunporch in Murree, and it is actually chilly! The thermometers in Rawalpindi and Patna must be well over a hundred, and yet here we are, not two hours away from the plains, shivering. We built a huge fire last night, and believe me, we enjoyed it!"

**PATNA**

The Patna nursery keeps growing, and of course the babies—all ages and stages—keep the sisters on their toes. Sister Elise, back in Patna, writes:

"With Ram Jatan, a small Hindu baby, we now have four boys in the nursery. That is an unheard of number, since they are usually all girls. Ram Jatan was a sight when he came, so badly rickety, that we did not think he would make the grade. But he gained weight, his bones straightened out and he learned how to smile. He is still rather backward, and the others crawl and fight all over him. But he has the sweetest smile, especially when he looks up at you through his tears and stretches out his arms, begging to be taken away from these roughnecks!

"One of the babies, James, is just the opposite. He fights to join in the melee, although he is the smallest of the lot. But he is so fat and sturdy, nothing bothers him. He is named after a soldier, a recent convert whom the priests brought down to see us. Just as he was here this little waif was brought in. He was only a month old then; his mother had died when he was born, so you can imagine what he looked like, skin and bones. Big James took pity on him and offered to pay for his care. Of course we would have taken the baby without that, but we did not want to discourage our soldier, so we named the baby after him. He was as pleased as Punch, and ever since keeps writing and inquiring after the child. He even sent some cloth animals—they are sadly dilapidated now, but they certainly lived a useful life while they lasted.

"The four boys keep us amused all the time. One day James, who is in the habit of yelling 'Hat' to the horses that come into the compound, shouted it at the top of his lungs right in front of a fat and highly important gentleman in the office. The man nearly jumped a mile! You see, 'Hat', literally translated, means 'Beat it'!"

**RAWALPINDI**

From Rawalpindi Sister M. Bernadette, who receives the patients and sees to their general well-being in the dispensary, writes that attendance is increasing each day. "Life is very busy for us," she says. "Almost every day we have over 200 people in the dispensary.

"I have one very good friend, Taj Begum, who brings the loveliest gifts to show her gratitude for the care given her. Last week she came again with a little deer, fourteen days old. Several months ago she brought a pair of wild doves. Actually it is a blessing that we are not allowed to have animal pets, or I should soon have a whole zoo on the verandah!"

Please pray for the repose of the souls of:

**Rev. James J. Duffy,**
**Philadelphia, Pa.**

**Rev. Cosmas Bruni,**
**Philadelphia, Pa.**

**Sister Mary Christopher, S.U.S.C.,**
**Fall River, Mass.**

**Mrs. Mary Gerber,**
**Buffalo, N. Y.**

**Mrs. William A. Scholtholt,**
**Baltimore, Md.**

**Lt. C. P. Shields,**
**Bethlehem, Pa.**

**Pvt. William E. Nolan,**
**Pittsfield, Mass.**

**Capt. Earle R. Carle,**
**Melrose, Mass.**

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed through the mercy of God, rest in peace. Amen.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS

Owing to difficulties in obtaining paper we are combining the October and November issues. That you may receive the full ten issues for the year we shall publish an additional issue in the summer.

AND first of all, let us imitate the breadth of His love. One only is the Spouse of Christ, the Church; but the love of the divine spouse is so vast that it embraces in His Spouse the whole human race without exception. Men may be separated by nationality and race, but our Saviour poured out His blood to reconcile all men to God through the Cross, and to bid them all unite in one Body. Genuine love of the Church therefore is not satisfied with our being within this Body members one of another, mutually careful one for another, rejoicing with him who glories, suffering with him who suffers. We must also recognize as brothers of Christ according to the flesh, destined together with us to eternal salvation those others who have not yet joined us in the Body of the Church.

--Pope Pius XII